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SAMPLE
AGAINST
SEDITION.

By the Author of *Absalom and Achitophel.*

Per Graiſim *populos, mediæque* [illegible] *Urbem*
Ibat ovans; Divumque *ſibi poſcebat Honores.*

DUBLIN,
Reprinted for *Robert Thornton,* Book-Seller At the Sign
of the *Unicorn* in *Skinner-Row,* 1682.

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EPISTLE

To the

WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; not the Anno Domini *of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. Here the* Graver *has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanc'd, that many a poor* Polander *who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here: I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post Painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he sate not five times to me, as he did to* B: *yet I have consulted History; as the* Italian *Painters doe, when they wou'd draw a* Nero *or a* Caligula; *though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from* Suetonius *and* Tacitus. *Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun: Which wou'd then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to*

the No-Proteſtant Plot, *that you ſhall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd ſuch a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Eſtabliſh'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the* Turks *did* Scanderbeg; *as if there were virtue in his Bones to preſerve you againſt Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the publick good; but a due veneration for the perſon of the King. But all men who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a Faction. But I would ask you one civil queſtion, what right has any man among you, or any Aſſociation of men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be conſider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily doe, in Factious Clubs, to Vilify the Government, in your Diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in* Iſrael? *or how is it conſiſtent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to ſerve the King according to the Lawes, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is inveſted? You complain that his Majeſty has loſt the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him loſe them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the Multitude to aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the King's Diſpoſition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiouſly lay it, from his Miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our Poſterity. You are not the Truſtees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to Petition in a Crowd; much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing*

that

that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I onely forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to shew you that I have; the third part of your No-protestant Plot *is much of it stolen, from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd, the* Growth of Popery; *as manifestly as* Milton's *defence of the* English *People, is from* Buchanan, de jure regni apud Scotos: *or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the* French Guisards. *Any one who reads* Davila, *may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that* Poltrot a Hugonot, *murther'd* Francis *Duke of* Guise *by the instigation of* Theodore Beza; *or that it was a* Hugonot *Minister, otherwise call'd a* Presbyterian, (*for our Church abhors so deviliſh a Tenent*) *who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion; But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of* Calvin, *and Principles of* Buchanan, *that they set the People above the Magistrate; which if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your likeing. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law; But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed* Act of Parliament, *you declare that in some cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the* No-protestant Plot; *and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantry's of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the* Council of Trent; *So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but*

where-

whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the Proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a Parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. *But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other; one with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you doe well to have recourse to your last Evation, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd; which yet you see the Nation is not so easy to believe as your own* Jury; *But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in* New-gate, *who wou'd acquit a Malefactor.*

I have one onely favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, *you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against* Absalom *and* Achitophel; *for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and not to break a Custome, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severele on the miscarriages of Government; for if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poore Stock and wellcome; le your Verses run upon my feet; and for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter dispair of your own Satyr, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; But above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the* Whip and Key, *I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his* Gazette, *to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be pub-*

publiſh'd as well as Printed; and that ſomuch skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waſt-Paper in the Shop. Tet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which is Printed at the end of ſome Engliſh *Bibles. If* Achitophel *ſignify the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will paſs with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the Verſes are; buy 'em up I beſeech you out of pity; for I here the Conventicle is ſhut up, and the Brother of* Achitophel *out of ſervice.*

Now Footmen, you know, have the generoſity to make a Purſe, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Proteſtant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Diſſenter in Poetry from Senſe and Engliſh, will make as good a Proteſtant Rhymer, as a Diſſenter from the Church of England *a Proteſtant Parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtile a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and ſawcy Jack, and Atheiſtick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthuſiaſme is ſtrong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable Expreſſions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cauſe from* Geneſis *to the* Revelations: *And has half the Texts of both the* Teſtaments *againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to your ſelves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for* Iriſh *Witneſſes. After all perhaps you will tell me, that you retan'd him onely for the opening of your Cauſe, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his Predeceſſours, you may either conclude, that I truſt the goodneſs of my Cauſe, or fear my Adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe, for the ſhort on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your Party ſays or thinks of him.*

UPON

UPON THE
AUTHOUR of the following POEM.

ONCE more our awfull Poet Arms, t' engage
The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadfull Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muſe attends him to the Field:
By Art and Nature for this Task deſign'd;
Yet modeſtly the Fight He long declin'd,
Forbear the Torrent of his Verſe to pour,
Nor looſ'd his Satyre till the needful Hour:
His Sov'raigns Right by Patience half betray'd,
wak'd his Avenging Genius to it's Aid.
Bleſt Muſe, whoſe Wit with ſuch a Cauſe was Crown'd,
And bleſt the Cauſe that ſuch a Champion found.
With choſen Verſe upon the Foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc't t' engage,
Secure of Conqueſt He rebates his Rage;
His Fury not without Diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads;
To leſs infected Members gentle found,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours Balm into the Wound;
Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateſull Trite abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the Mercy of his Muſe;
Their wretched dogrell Rhymers forth they bring
To Snarl aud Bark againſt the Poet's King;
A Crew, that ſcandalize the Nation more
Than all their Treaſon canting Prieſts before!
On theſe He ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornfull ſmile,
But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Stile.
A Stile ſo keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The Vital Poyſon, ſtabs toh' Heart their Cauſe.
Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our Thanks, for you tranſcend our Praiſe.

TO

To the Unknown Authour of the following Poem and that of Abſalom & Achitophel.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raiſe;
They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
Divine effects a cauſe Divine did ſhew;
Nor can we doubt, when ſuch theſe Numbers are,
Such is their cauſe, tho the worſt Muſe ſhall dare
Their ſacred worth in humble Verſe declare.
As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tuneful Song
Glides in a peacefull Majeſty along;
No rebell Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
The eaſie paſſage of his ſilent wave;
So ſacred Poet, ſo thy Numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
Yet ſoft as Down upon the Wings of Love:
How ſweet do's Vertue in your dreſs appear?
How much more charming, when much leſs ſevere?
Whilſt you our ſenſes harmleſly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy Stile;
Y' inſinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
And into ſenſe th' unthinking Many cheat:
So the ſweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inſpire,
So he the ſavage herd to reaſon drew,
Yet ſcarce ſo ſweet, ſo charmingly as you;
O that you would with ſome ſuch powerfull Charm,
Enervate *Albion* to juſt valour warm!
Whether much ſuffering *Charles* ſhall Theam afford,
Or the great Deeds of God-like *James*'s Sword;
Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
Another Fleet might paſs the ſubject main.

Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
Or such an *Offery* as you did mourn;
While in such Numbers you, in such a strain
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk easie *Absalom* to rebel rage;
Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,
Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
Good *David* still maintains the Royal State;
Thô each in vain such various ills employs,
Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main
Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,
In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
Fair *Albion's* beauteous Cliffs shine whiter then before.
Nor shalt thou move, thô Hell thy fall conspire,
Thô the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
Thou best, thou greatest of the *British race*,
Thou only fit to fill Great *Charles's* his place.
Ah wretched *Britains*! ah too stubborn Isle!
Ah stiff-neck'd *Israel* on blest *Canaan's* soyl!
Are those dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Restoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below, (flow?
While all thy streams with Milk, thy Lands with Honey
No more fond Isle! no more thy self engage,
In civil fury, and intestine rage;
No rebel Zeal thy dureous Land molest,
But a smooth Calm sooth every peacefull breast.
While in such Charming notes Divinely sings,
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.

THE

The Medall.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
Which *English* Ideots run in crowds to see,
The *Polish Medall* beares the prize alone:
A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fayrs or Theatres have shown.
Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive;
So like the Man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with Title and with Face;
And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.

The

The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in *Poliſh*, is *rejoyce*.
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd:
And a new Canting Holiday deſign'd.
Five daies he ſate, for every caſt and look;
Four more than God to finiſh *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Eſſence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*?
Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd ſuch furrows for an Eunuch face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe firſt, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to war.
A beardleſs Chief, a Rebel, e'r a Man:
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)
Next this, (How wildly will Ambition ſteer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Uſurper's Ear.
Bart'ring his venal wit for ſums of gold
He caſt himſelf into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, ſigh'd and pray'd, while Godlineſs was gain;
The lowdeſt Bagpipe of the ſqueaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdneſs he cou'd ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the Saint: for Hypocritique Zeal
Allows no Sins but thoſe it can conceal.

Whor-

Whoring to Scandal gives too large a ſcope;
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Beſides, their pace was formal, grave and ſlack:
His nimble Wit outran the heavy Pack.
Yet ſtill he found his Fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.
Pow'r was his aym: but, thrown from that pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his Soul he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His Counſel's oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.
Ev'n in the moſt ſincere advice he gave
He had a grudging ſtill to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneaſy in his lawful gears.
At beſt as little honeſt as he cou'd:
And, like white Witches, miſchievouſly good.
To his firſt byaſs, longingly he leans;
And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
(Advice unſafe, precipitous, and bold.)

From

From hence thoſe tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
What wonder if the Waves prevail ſo far
When He cut down the Banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
But He by Art our native Strength betray'd.
So *Sampſon* to his Foe his force confeſt;
And, to be ſhorn, lay ſlumb'ring on her breaſt.
But, when this fatal Counſel, found too late,
Expos'd its Authour to the publick hate;
When his juſt Sovereign, by no impious way,
Cou'd be ſeduc'd to Arbitrary ſway;
Forſaken of that hope, he ſhifts the ſayle;
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale,
And ſhews the Fiend confeſs'd, without a vaile.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
That Claimes ſucceſſive bear no binding force;
That Coronation Oaths are things of courſe;
Maintains the Multitude can never err;
And ſets the People in the Papal Chair.
The reaſon's obvious; *Int'reſt never lies*;
The moſt have ſtill their Int'reſt in their eyes;
The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wiſe.
Almighty Crowd, thou ſhorten'ſt all diſpute;
Pow'r is thy Eſſence; Wit thy Atribute!

Nor

Nor Faith nor reaſon make thee at a ſtay,
Thou leapſt o'r all eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique* way.
Athens, no doubt, did righteouſly decide,
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
As righteouſly they did thoſe dooms repent;
Still they were wiſe, what ever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they ruu;
To kill the Father, and recal the Son;
Some think the Fools were moſt, as times went then;
But now the World's o'r ſtock'd with prudent men.
The commmon Cry is ev'n Religion's Teſt;
The *Turk*'s is, at *Conſtantinople*, beſt;
Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worſhip onely true at home.
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to day, and that to morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A Tempting Doctrine, plauſible and new:
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of Civil War,
Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:
And, that a lawful Pow'r might never ceaſe,
Secur'd *Succeſſion*, to ſecure our Peace.
Thus Property and *Sovereign Sway*, at laſt
In equal Balances were juſtly caſt.

But

But this new *Jehu* ſpurs the hot mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the Beaſt to know his native force;
To take the Bit between his teeth and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
Woud' we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!
The laviſh Government can give no more:
Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought;
He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping Brave,
The free-born Subject ſunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
Ah, what is man, when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill;
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundleſs in his Will!
That Kings can do no wrong we muſt believe:
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?
Help Heaven! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The benefit of Laws, which they diſpence.
No juſtice to their righteous Cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.
And Medalls grav'd, their Conqueſt to record,
The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The

The Man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an Aſs,
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd Thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again, to ſee a Jury chaw,
The prickles of unpalatable Law.
The Witneſſes that Leech-like, liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them were med'cinally good;
But, when they faſten'd on *Their* feſter'd ſore,
Then, Juſtice and Religion they forſwore;
Their Mayden Oath debauch'd into a Whore.
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
And Rogue and Saint diſtinguiſh'd by their Side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confeſs their Cauſe;
And plead a *Call* to preach, in ſpight of Laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page;
It has been us'd as ill in every Age:
And is conſtrain'd, with patience, all to take;
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever Senſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd, at firſt, our Oracle t' enquire;
But, ſince our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inſpires not them; but they the Text inſpire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Iſle,
O, thou too bountteous, thou too fruitful *Nile*,
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert!
Or ſeparate thy ſound, from thy corrupted part!

I call'd the *Nile*; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tydes of Wealth o'rflow the fatten'd Land;
Yet Monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of *Iſrael*'s Tribes thou haſt a numerous band;
But ſtill the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two ſuch gouty Hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wiſedom is to Sloath too great a Slave;
None are ſo buſy as the Fool and Knave.
Thoſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
Nor ſharp Experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King!
In Goſpel phraſe their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoyl;
They boaſt, ev'n when each other they beguile.
Cuſtomes to ſteal is ſuch a trivail thing,
That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King.

All

All hands unite of every jarring *Sect*;
They cheat the Country firſt, and then infect.
They, for God's Cauſe their Monarchs dare dethrone;
And they 'll be ſure to make his Cauſe their own.
Whether the ploting Jeſuit lay'd the plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination leſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhameful to confeſs:
ut Treaſon is not own'd when tis deſcry'd,
Succeſsful Crimes alone are Juſtifi'd.
The Men, who no Conſpiracy wou'd find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
Joyn'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt their Prince.
If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they ſcan
The ſame bold Maxime holds in God and Man:
God were not ſafe, his Thunder cou'd they ſhun
He ſhou'd be forc'd to Crown another Son.
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
The rich Poſſeſſion was the Murth'rers own.
In vain to Sophiſtry they have recourſe;
By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmask'd Rebellion, and Audacious Force

Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Fleſh to deal;
Chop up a Miniſter, at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
But clip his regal Rights within the Ring.
From thence, t' aſſume the pow'r of Peace and War;
And eaſe him by degrees of publique care.
Yet, to conſult his Dignity and Fame,
He ſhou'd have leave to exerciſe the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
To live at eaſe, and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of their Crime;
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loſs of time;
On utmoſt bounds of Loyalty they ſtand;
And grinn and whet like a *Croatian* Band;
That waits impatient for the laſt Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain.
They ſteal not, but in Squadrons ſcoure the Plain.
And, if their Pow'r the Paſſengers ſubdue;
The Moſt have right, the wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes fooliſhly they ſhow;
For, in ſome Soyles Republiques will not grow.

Our

Our Temp'rate Iſle will no extremes ſuſtain,
Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign:
But ſlides between them both into the beſt;
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch bleſt.
And though the Clymate, vex't with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholſome Tempeſt purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmneſs that ſucceeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
Whoſe blandiſhments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds ſhe plighted to her Lord;
What Curſes on thy blaſted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy ſhall call;
For all muſt curſe the Woes that muſt deſcend on all.
Religion thou haſt none: thy *Mercury*
Has paſs'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.
But what thou giv'ſt that Venom ſtill remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What elſe inſpires the Tongues, and ſwells the Breaſts
Of all thy bellowing Renegado Prieſts,
That preach up Thee for God; diſpence thy Laws:
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cauſe?
Freſh Fumes of Madneſs raiſe; and toile and ſweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.

Yet

Yet, ſhou'd thy Crimes ſucceed, ſhou'd lawleſs Pow'r
Compaſs thoſe Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou haſt any,) muſt be one
That lets the World and Humane-kind alone:
A jolly God, that paſſes hours too well
To promiſe Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell,
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion ſit;
And Wink at Crimes he did himſelf commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Prieſthood paints
A Conventic'e of gloomy ſullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, ſlovenly and ſad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with falſe Religion, mad.

Without a Viſion Poets can fore-ſhow
What all but Fools, by common Senſe may know.
If true Succeſſion from our Iſle ſhou'd fail,
And Crowds prophane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not Thou, nor thoſe thy Factious Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harveſt of Rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'ſt thy decrepit Age.
The ſwelling Poyſon of the ſev'ral Sects,
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects

Shall

Shall burſt its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter* puſt up with ſpiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But ſhort ſhall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring Crane;
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown ſhall jar,
In ſhareing their ill-gotten Spoiles of War:
Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
About their impious Merit ſhall contend.
The ſurly Commons ſhall reſpect deny;
And juſtle Peerage out with Property.
Their Gen'ral either ſhall his Truſt betray,
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary ſway;
Or they ſuſpecting his ambitious Aym,
In hate of Kings ſhall caſt anew the Frame;
And thruſt out *Collatine* that bore their Name.
Thus inborn Broyles the Factions wou'd ingage;
Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:

And

And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast.

Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

THE END.